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MEMORIES

DORCAS FOSTER COOKE.

ELLEN J. JENKINS.

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MEMORIES.

BY

Dorcas F. Cooke

AND

Ellen J. Jenkins.

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BY DORCAS F. COOKE,

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PREFACE.

As this book contains the first of our writings that have ever been placed before the public, in book form, it is our fondest desire, dear reader, that your criticisms will be charitable and tempered with a spirit of mildness. That errors have crept in is only human, but we trust that in the midst of them you may find food for profitable reflection, and kindly overlook the short-comings of

Your sincere friends,

DORCAS F. COOKE and ELLEN J. JENKINS.

DEAR HOME, I THINK OF THEE.

Now Twilight 's falling o'er us,
And folded all the flowers;
The birds have hushed their chorus,
In the sweet wild wood bowers:
How oft does memory guide me home,
To woodland, stream and lea;
Where'er my wandering footsteps roam,
Dear home, I'll think of thee.

Dear home, I'll think of thee,
As flies the sparrow to its nest,
And the woods ring, with melody,
Then, dear Maine, I love thee best:
I love thy woodland rills,
I love each bush and tree,
I love thy old brown ledgy hills,
Dear home, I'll think of thee.

Dear home, I'll think of thee,
Where'er afar I roam,
When the robin sings, in the old oak tree,
And the Martins hither come:
I look upon each leaf and flower,
And each stream in the glade,
And think upon the dear old bowers,
From memory ne'er can fade.

SPRING.

The gladdest time, the children say,
Has come of all the year;
Sweet flower, green lea, and singing bee,
Will all so soon be here.
The rippling streams; do laughing seem
That 'long the valleys wind;
The storms pass over wheat and clover,
And leave their trace behind.

The fowls in peace that gain release
From gloomy barn do come
All talk with joy, without alloy,
O'er fields they gaily roam,
The little lambs, with mate and dam
Now feed the twigs, that's green,
The pretty pets; in pasture wet,
All day may now be seen.

The blue bird, sparrow, lark and jay,
Their matin songs now raise.
The robin's song, the fields along,
In flocks are ringing praise;
We love their notes, their joyous notes,
When all their voices meet,
Yet spring, tho' gay, we cannot say,
Of seasons is most sweet.

ONLY A FEW SHORT YEARS.

Only a few short years, ere this,
Dear little babe, sitting on my knee,
Looking up wishfully, for a kiss,
And clapping her dimpled hands with glee;
Only a few short years I say,
Ere her childhood days will be past and gone;
And she will be journeying on life's way,
Along with the busy, hurrying throng.

Only a few short years and we
May be parted to meet no more on earth,
For the ways of the Father are strange, and he
May take from our babe she who gave her birth,
And again, He may think that our darling child,
Is too precious a gem, for this world of woe,
May call her home, ere her heart is beguiled,
Into ways of sin thro' which many go.

Yes, this little one, that we love so well,
Now prattling her baby songs, so gay,
Trying her baby stories to tell,
And making our lives bright day by day;
May be taken from us, and again
She may live to see trouble in many forms,
But whichever way the tide turns, my pen
Only write, God guide her through life's storms.

CHARITY.

Define the word; can any one show,
Whence its origin? or whither does it flow:
Is it pomp or beauteous lightning of the eye?
Or self-regard, when those we love are nigh.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins,"
This the teaching our dear Saviour brings;
How oft does one, kind, look impart,
Reviving hope to the sad sorrowing heart.

The scornful greeting is oft given those,
Who seek for food and shelter and repose ;
When assailed by the heartless busy throng,
Oh ! glorious theme, for Bards to write upon.

Earth's toiling sons, more often share,
(Than those with whom the world is fair)
Their mite, with those in adverse fate ;
Nor linger, thinking, till too late.

Ah ! many can define the word ;
But still will not of free accord,
Lend a kind hand to sufferers near ;
To make its meaning full and clear.

Instead, they'll pass the poor in pain,
Pass them, in hunger to remain ;
Where just a trifle would relieve,
And fill the wants o'er which they grieve.

TO MY FATHER.

Dear father, in the shadows long,
I sit and muse, while memories throng ;
Of home, and kin, and native clime,
'Neath skies serene. Oh, happy times
Were passed in scenes our hearts did thrill,
Ere life's glad stream grew cold and chill,
And ripples tide grew more and more,
On north Atlantic's pine-clad shore !

Dear father, 'tis true, it hath been given
Twice forty years to thee, and seven ;
Of which full forty years were passed
In pine-clad depths, thy lot was cast ;
And now thy loving heart is young
As when we first together sung,
And when dear mother's tender eyes
Shone clear and bright as summer skies.

Ne'er more will our hearts the echoes thrill
By merry birds 'neath the spring wood's hill,
Where violets sweet now rear their heads
By the little spring where the cattle tread.
And we list for thy step in the dim old hall,
Where you greet and fondle us children all,
Who, with selfish care, have left thy side,
To mingle in the world's cold tide.

Now the dreary hours pass slowly on,
For no more shall we hear thy lullaby song
That oft hath soothed our cares to rest
On a fond father's loving breast.
Far better than riches or great renown—
For me—a home in the log house brown,
With thee and mother to pass the long day,
And to keep all care from thy lives away.

WINTER SUNSET.

The clear, bright, pure, ethereal sky,
We can see through softest down,
And the clouds keep parting as they fly
With finest rose edged round.

And there, just under the golden hue,
In the bright back-ground they ride,
The deepest, darkest, purple blue,
The carmine tints divide.

Then where the sun dropped out of sight,
Is the brightest burnished gold,
But there, come here, and look to the right,
Within their fleecy folds.

The bright and crescent golden moon,
Is wrapped in delicate rose,
Ere the night shades come with deepening gloom,
To envelope a bright days' close.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Spring has come,
And wild bees hum;
The trees are all in bloom;
Delicious hours,
For grape-vine bowers
Are filled with sweet perfume.

Dancing so light,
Pale blush and white,
Soft murmuring music floats;
Are quickly shed
Thy leaves outspread,
Fair pledge of the bud awoke.

The birds are here!
The sky is clear,
And the robin's young birds three
Are calling aloud,
From a flossy cloud,
Down low in the Duchess tree.

But off they'll blow,

And green grass grow,

O'er the bed where they decay.

And fruit shall rise

As to the skies

The righteous shall, some day.

SPRING.

The warm winds are blowing o'er meadow and lea,

And the flowers from the fruit trees are falling;

I am listening so vainly for little brown bee,

In the lilacs the robins are calling.

Verbenas are starting the pansies in bloom,

And the jasmine is nodding so fair,

The bright peonies' beauty has left us so soon,

And the sweet apple blooms perfume the air.

TO MY BROTHERS.

Sitting in my lonely chamber
Thinking of the past, this eve:
Of the loved ones and the danger,
In this world where oft we grieve;
Of my dear, and gentle brothers,
Sleeping there so lone and still,
In the church-yard by the river,
Does my heart with sadness fill.

Shall we never, never meet them,
Those dear ones we loved on earth;
Shall we never, never, see them,
Gather 'round that dear old hearth;
Shall we no more hear their voices
Singing sweetly, ever clear;
Methinks, I hear them now rejoice,
In that promised home so near.

THE STORY OF THE BUTTONS.

Only a card of buttons;
Yet much have we to tell,
Of life and its enjoyment,
Its miseries as well,
And if you'll stop and listen,
Unto our simple tale:
We'll try and interest you,
And hope we shall avail.

There were eight dozen of us,
On a neat shining card.
And many others were with us,
But we seemed placed for guard,
For the others were all covered,
While we were in plain sight,
There, in the tidy show-case,
So plain and pearly white.

We did not stay there long tho',
For to the store there came
A tall and handsome gentleman—
We'll mention not his name:
He was so pleasant looking,
Good natured, and jolly too,
That we cared not even a little,
When we came into his view.

He said to the good store-keeper,
Can you do up some goods for me?
Some sugar and saleratus,
And a pound of your best tea:
Some calico and gingham,
And white factory I'll take, too,
A little thread, and then our faces,
Came shining to his view.

I want some buttons, too, he said.

I nearly them forgot,

I saw some, in the show case here,

A real nice looking lot,

I'll take the whole card, never mind,

You need not get your shears,

For those not used this summer,

Will not spoil, in many years.

So we were taken from our place,

And soon put out of sight,

Rolled up with cloth, in paper,

And tied with twine so tight.

Then to the wagon they took us,

We knew it by the sound,

And soon the wheels were spinning,

Right noisy o'er the ground.

Our journey was soon ended,
And we were taken at last,
And carried away from the wagon,
And into the house quite fast.
For the little ones have heard us,
And have gaily run along;
Down the path to the gate, and
Are singing a welcome song.

We were carried in by the children,
Whose voices were full of glee,
And were glad when we were permitted,
Their joyous faces to see:
And now my gentle reader,
While our story is just begun:
We'll give you a true description,
Of the family one by one.

There was the gentle mother,

Her face, aglow with pride,

As she looked on her happy children,

Two of them on each side :

How oft recurs to us, the time

Of those sweetly quiet joys :

When birds sweet songs in cadencelon,

Made all our hearts rejoice.

There was Willie O. the oldest,

A rather good-natured lad,

Though he was a trifle noisy,

We could not consider him bad.

We'll acknowledge it was his ambition,

The little ones to annoy,

By pulling the tail of the kitten,

Or breaking a favorite toy.

The next to attract our attention,

Was Gladice, a lovely child,

She was sure to win the affection,

Of all, with her ways, so mild.

We all felt at once that we'd love her,

As we gazed in her eyes so blue.

Feeling sure, that this bright little maiden,

Was honest, and kind, and true.

There was Leslie, a bright little fellow,

Whose light hair in long curls hung,

He was always trying in some way

To amuse the youngest one.

And Floyd, the patient baby,

Would act ever well his part,

His laughing eyes displaying,

A happy, affectionate heart.

While we were carefully trying,

Each bright, little face to scan,

The door opened wide, and before us

Stood the handsome good-natured man.

The glad hurrahs from the children,

The nod from the cheerful wife,

Were the heartfelt welcomes for "papa,"

Which gladdened his toilsome life.

And he, in turn, seemed happy,

To find himself home once more,

To amuse himself with the children,

And fondle them o'er and o'er.

'Twas amusing to hear the questions,

That the little ones would ask,

And for him to find an answer,

Seemed but an easy task.

Oh, could he have known what the future
Was holding in store for him,
We fear that the light of those blue eyes,
Would suddenly have grown dim,
But Providence has arranged it,
That the future to us shall look blank,
And for this kindly provision,
We should our kind Father thank.

Well, the new garments soon were finished,
And we buttons used profuse,
Which pleased the happy children,
And of us they made good use:
And we, in turn were delighted,
Their different pranks to trace,
To watch their blithe little figures,
So full of childish grace.

But the summer passed over, and winter
Came on with its storms and wind,
The joyous spring followed after,
Old winter's storms to rescind.
But ere the bright days of summer came,
Deep sorrow found entrance there.
For sickness had entered and clung to me,
The daughter, the loved, the fair.

And as she in agony lingered there,
Watched close by the Angel of Death,
Oh, who can tell, how the mother felt,
As she noted each passing breath.
And the father, with ever a helping hand,
A kind and a loving word,
Could scarcely refrain from tears, as his heart
With sympathy was stirred.

But she lingered on till her disease
A lighter form did take,
So they from grief and sorrow,
To happiness did awake.
For tenderly they guarded her,
And with much anxious care,
They nursed her back to life again,
The one they loved so dear.

To have good health was not her lot,
And we can truly say,
That ever after that sad time,
She was not well a day;
But still she lingered on and bore,
With patience all her pain,
Ever hoping that she might
Once more good health regain.

Winter and summer came and went,

Still she remained the same,

And as another fall rolled 'round,

Their trouble seemed to gain;

For sickness had come to their home once more

And the handsome, good-natured man,

Was the victim of that dread disease,

So common through our land.

Yes, fight and struggle as ye may,

Against consumption's power.

'Twill take the strong man as the frost

Destroys the lovely flower!

And thus all ages must succumb,

To its relentless hand;

Showing to us the power of His

Omnipotent command.

All through the dreary winter days,
He struggled, fierce and hard,
But he, at last, like many more,
Was doomed hope to discard:
And as in agony he sank,
Beneath consumption's blow,
We'll not forget the look he wore,
Just four short years ago.

At last the awful hour had come,
And he must surely die,
Leaving behind all those he'd loved,
And watched with careful eye,
To battle with this world alone,
Without a father's care!
Dependent wholly on the strength,
Of that frail mother, there.

And she, Oh, can we e'er find words,

Her sorrow to portray?

As she stood beside the dying man,

On the dawn of that June day;

With her baby nestling in her arms,

In all his innocence.

Who, but a few short weeks before,

His frail life did commence.

And now her heart was filled with grief,

As she stood with lingering gaze,

On his cold white brows he had found relief,

From earth's dark sorrowing days.

For, as he went, life's brighter gleam

Did surely her forsake;

Still she bore with great composure,

That which did her spirit break.

The solemn rite was over,

And he was laid to rest,

And all had returned home again,

In sober mourning dressed:

But the appearance of that dark attire,

Her grief could not portray;

As she returned to widow-hood,

On that sad funeral day.

The time dragged wearily along,

But sickness lingered still;

For the youngest of that little flock,

Was suffering and ill.

And as the Indian summer came,

One bright October day,

They laid beside the father, dear,

Sweet little Amos Ray.

And thus another sorrow came,

To this poor, saddened life,

Which was one constant discontent,

Mingled with tearful strife.

But the future held in store for her,

Another sorrow yet;

Which, as we now, on it reflect,

Fills us with sad regret.

Time passed, yet sorrow lingered still,

How little did we know!

'Twould be so soon the Father's will,

For another dear one to go.

Yes, another of that little band,

That was the special care,

Of the lonely mother, and this time,

'Twould be the daughter fair.

For she, who seemed a woman,

Rather than a simple lass,

Would soon be called from this sad world,

Of care and strife to pass;

She, who was her mother's comfort,

On life would soon release.

Her slender hold and rise to where

There is eternal peace.

Before another autumn came,

Her sufferings were o'er,

And she had crossed the river deep,

And gained the other shore.

And though we missed her more than these

Few simple words can tell,

Still we could never wish her back,

In misery here to dwell.

So now, dear reader, we have told
Our simple tale to you,
Though but a card of buttons,
We assure you that 'tis true.
And there's no more that we'd mention,
Of sorrow here to-day;
Thanks for your kind attention,
Now, fare thee well for aye.

TO MY MOTHER.

Dear mother, at the early dawn,
The earth so cold and fair;
The rippling brook, and sparrows song,
Blue sky and summer air;
Bring back to me, those happy days,
The merry dance and song,
'Twas to our heart, life's greater part,
As time flew along.

Dear mother, at the sultry noon,
In my cool cedar bower;
To have thee here, 'twere such a boon,
I think of those bright hours,
When we, together, used to stroll
The wildwood's cool retreat;
The trees and flowers are gone where roll
The golden fields of wheat.

Dear mother, when life's storms attend,
And all in darkness near,
We turn to thee, thou truest friend!
Whoe'er did bless, and cheer;
None ever, on life's troubled sea,
Can feel such tender care;
And o'erlook all faults, but thee,
And every sorrow share.

For my impatience, thereto, had smiled,
With many a wish and prayer;
When sickness came, and o'er thy child,
Watched with a constant care
Oh mother dear, I would ever give;
To thee, the grateful deed,
Wilt thou every selfish act forgive,
Mine is the earnest need.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

I know an old Irishman, hearty and hale,
And of him I'll tell you a story:
He always can tell you a laughable tale,
Of the deeds he did when in his glory.

There is one thing he did but a short time ago,
And the fact unto you I'll relate,
When I've told you you'll laugh, still well will you know
That he very near met a sad fate.

He has one bad habit, this Irishman, old,
Which caused him to lose his old wife;
And he to me his experience told,
By which he came near losing his life.

This habit, dear reader, is love for strong drink,
Which his appetite craves without ceasing;
Tho' old age is bringing him near the grave's brink,
Still his love for the wine is increasing.

'Twas one morning in spring, the mud it was deep,
But what cared old Mickey for that?
For the jug in the house had been empty a week,
And this fact made his heart go pit-pat.

"Sure, I can't wait much longer," the old fellow said,
As he took the jug off from the shelf.
"For me shtomic is impty and the pain in me head
Is enough to craze one like miself."

I'll be after shtarting to town fur a drink,
And I'll take me ould jug along too;
Fur whin I git home I shall nade some, I think,
To shake off me feelings so blue.

Sure it is mighty lonely to sit here alone,
Without any woman at all,
Ah, 'tis me ould jug that gives me the tone,
To put up with this droll life at all.

So he, in good spirits, his oxen did yoke,
And them to the wagon did hitch,
And while riding along he not a word spoke
To keep his team out of the ditch.

For his oxen were gentle, and steady and tame,
And their duty would do with good grace;
But old Mickey in liquor was greatly to blame,
And for teamster was much out of place.

At last he arrived at the dingy saloon,
And ordered the keeper to fill
His little brown jug, and then pretty soon
He was singing gay songs loud and shrill.

Thus the day wore along, and at last it was time
To be thinking of starting for home,
And is the particular part of my rhyme,
Over which the old paddy did foam.

Well, he started for home with his bottle and jug,
Scarcely able to sit on his seat,
His team ran through ditches and over the logs,
As he did them heartlessly beat.

Yes, he lashed his old oxen which caused them to run
Over roads that were muddy and rough,
And he trusted his team as many have done,
Thinking they knew the road well enough.

But the wheel struck a root in the midst of the mud,
Which did our old friend discommode;
It shook him severely, then hearing a thud,
He found himself down in the road.

Yes, there in the wheel track his head rested well,
With water and mud covered o'er,
Could you hear old Mick that experience tell,
You'd have thought his old pate had been sore.

Why, man, ye don't know what a bad time I had,
Before I got home here last night;
To see me ould shanty, you bet I was glad,
After gittin' in sich a bad plight.

Ye see, I fell out where the mud was right dape,
With me head jist in front of the whale,
Exceptin' me face; I was kivered complate,
With wather, and mud and to fale

The whale slowly crapin' on top of me head,
Was enough fur to make me hair shtand,
I surely expected by now to be dead.
Thank the Lord, I am here on dry land.

Ye see, I yelled quick to me oxen to shtop,
And shtop they did too in a hurry,
With the whale on top of me ould head ker whop,
Which caused me to squirm and to worry.

So I scrached out agin to the top of me vice,
"Git along there, don't shtop any longer,"
And they shtarted, which made me poor heart rejice,
Fur I couldn't shtand that any longer.

Now as soon as iver the whale left me head,
You bet I got out of that quick,
Ah, truly, I thought I must surely go dead,
Why, sir, I could scarcely kick!

The mud off meself, and it kivered me o er
In ivery place ye can think,
Me hat I had lost and me coat I had tore,
And fur mud, I me eyes couldn't wink.

But I scrambled back into me wagin agin,
Determined this time for to try,
And rache me ould shanty and then to crawl in,
To me bed, there, in comfort to lie.

Fur me ould head was achin, me back it was sore,
And me knees how they trembled and shook;
Besides I was cold fur me breeches I tore,
And a regular soakin' I took.

Well, when I got home you jist better believe,
I made me a good whiskey sling;
I built a good fire me chills to relieve,
But me head would shtill ache, throb and shting.

So I made me a bunkum good cup of shtrong tea,
And while drinkin' it all by meself,
I kept thinkin' over what I used to be,
And then takin' the jug off the shelf

I took a good drink just thinkin' to see,
If it wouldn't me sufferins 'ase,
And while drinkin' I thought of old Marimishi,
Where I spent all me earlier days.

It was there you could get (and 'twould do you no harm)
A drink that would do your soul good,
'Twould cost but a little and you it would charm,
And niver your timper disturb.

Yes, give me the whiskey of Marimishi,
Which is all I here represent;
Give me back me ould home and I'll satisfied be,
And live there, and die there, content.

And as he stood before me bespattered with dirt,
His gray hair with mud matted full,
His pants, and his coat, and his ragged old shirt,
All spoke of "that mighty hard pull."

And I hardly could blame him for wishing to be
In the home of his young happy days;
But I doubted if whiskey from Marimishi
Would justify him in its praise.

MEMORIES.

My native home is far away,
Could I its shores see,
And mingle in those childish sports,
'Twould make my spirits free.
Could I but visit stream and hill,
And meadow where we played,
And bask in sunshine, how 'twould thrill,
As erst the hills arrayed.

Dead River washed my native farm
With waters swift and dark,
Here mem'ry leaves me naughts th' harm,
It cannot change this heart.
'Twas there my young heart tasted joy,
That never visits now,
The lonely wayside wanderer,
Nor lightens up this brow.

Scarcely three years this heart had known,
And yet kind mem'ry gives,
The woodland's road so dark and lone,
Around the pine-clad hills.
And here and there the drifted snow
By wayside fences lay;
The earliest home I parted from,
The twenty-second of May.

Kind mem'ry still gives oft the thought,
In tones, will ever move:
The lumbering stage the family brought,
And brothers, the cattle drove.
One sister, then, was with us there,
And since then two's been given,
Before that day, two sisters they
Had gone to live in heaven.

Adieu, my own wild mountain home,
Thy faded leaf and tree;
Its every part to wreck has gone,
Except wild flowers and lea.
Dead river's knolly, pebly shore,
Its waters deep and dark,
Could I but visit just once more,
'Twould then live in this heart.

I fancy voices tell me these
Words whispered from above,
There is a land where all is peace
And everlasting love.
They say that there this heart will flow,
With youthful free delight,
And every sorrow here below,
Be lost in beams of light.

No tears arise to dim the eyes,
No haughty frowns appear;
There all are wise; no changing skies,
No winter, cold and drear.
Good-bye, good-bye, my native home,
One morn in latest May,
We wandered in the coach along
Kennebec's winding way.

But here is next my home loved best,

The cottage low and red,

The spring that flows beneath the hill,

Its banks with flowers arrayed.

And kindly visions new and bright,

Just lend my childhood's joys,

Those days that gleaming ever bright,

Soon flew without alloy.

The red rose tree, my flower bed,

The blue-topped distant hill,

The roaring dam that wildly ran,

The bridge and noisy mill.

The raspberry wood, the elm that stood

Near the ledgy old side hill.

The little wren we frightened then,

To stay his noisy trill.

The old wood clock against the wall,
That struck the hours so slow;
It reached to the ceiling 'twas so tall,
And stood long years ago,
In the dear old kitchen corner, dim,
Between the bed-room door
And the six-legged table, where we sing
In mem'ry as of yore.

A cheerful blaze in the old fire-place,
'Neath a mantle long and broad,
The big arm-chair, we children there
To enjoy a little nod
With a quiet zeal would often steal,
With no one by to see,
In the evening hour, ah! mem'ry's power.
It so enchanteth me.

The east square room had a deep gloom,

The panneled blinds were drawn,

Those merry games in this heart remain,

With welling interest warm.

The old house quaint with its red paint,

The stile where roses twine,

The gleaming gold of the lillies fold,

As by the walk they shine.

What magic power had the evening hour,

Though stilled our childish glee,

Dear mother told those stories old,

While we gathered 'round her knee.

In life's bright dawn as they flew along,

Those days of brightest dreams,

'Twere a better thought to have nearer sought,

To awoke to real scenes.

Ah, mem'ry, what 'trancing power
The pine tree at the gate,
My father placed in happy hour,
It did us so elate.
Its dark green hue in the sun we'd view,
And praise it o'er and o'er,
So unlike the spruce and cedar's hue,
That grew before the door.

Our morning life passed by so light,
As we would dream and sing;
We used to play with great delight
Under the hill by the spring,
Where the clear rippling waters floating,
O'er the rocks with glad refrain,
There Dan and I sat gloating,
O'er the victories we had gained.

For we'd guide the ripples to their places,

Like soldiers, marching go;

I went for the United States,

And Dan for Mexico.

How eager we would watch them come,

With zealous puzzled look,

And all the victories we won

Would make a war book.

Now youth is gone, not like the stars,

To visit again and again;

And while I am thinking of those wars,

I live life o'er again.

Do the flowers still bloom where there we roamed?

The sunshine on the hill?

The wasted years have steadily flown,

So swift, and sad, and still.

On the old side hill where the shadows still
In th' half sunny days are going.
Across the ledge to the wildwood hedge,
And the men on th' flat are mowing.
Every cloud that obscures the sun,
You can see on the upland slopes,
Like billows pass o'er the long ripe grass,
To Chaney's woods where it opes.

Of a summer's eve from the village near,
With a subdued, fitful flow,
Came the voices of children to my ear,
As from the common they'd go;
The sunset fades in the twilight shades,
Stealing o'er the Embden hills;
Where the rosy light was streaming bright,
O'er all the rippling rills.

Far, far beyond, is old bluff mount,

A deep cerulean blue;

O'er whose bright crest the showers we count,

The clouds that come to view.

There's the solitude of the trackless wood,

Before the hill-tops grand,

And old Squaw Mount with its white stones gleam,

In the north we scanned.

Their soft blue haze, those vanished days,

To my dreary life will come;

In sweeter tones than bard portrays,

Or voice hath ever sung.

The rare wild birds to-day hath stirred,

Those scenes so long gone.

There was Forest Hall, near Wordsworth's,

Where the dancers throng.

The songs that we sung so long ago,
On evenings bright with cheer,
When we sat in the firelight's fitful glow,
With those our hearts hold dear.
And mem'ry's light is resting upon
The words that were spoken low,
As I sit in the starlight musing alone,
Thro' the sad hours that go.

'Twas there, my young and fickle mind,
With common lore was filled:
Where thoughts as changing as the wind,
My childish fancy thrilled:
'Twas there, with overflowing heart,
All meaningless and dull;
I played a careless wayward part,
Immortal gems to cull.

'Twas there our brothers long ago,
Left us with lonely hearts:
Little Warren, with eyes so blue,
Was the first one to depart;
His silken hair, I see it yet,
As I stood by his little bed;
And he held his plate, I'll never forget,
The words he to me said.

And Lewis fair, across the tide,
Was borne to realms of day.
My counselor, no thought beside,
Than giving joy, always:
He was ever true, his mild eyes blue
With love shone clear;
'Till life is done, his words will come,
Our drooping heart to cheer.

They left our home, our sunny home,
With kindred band to dwell:
Beyond the skies, bright flowers among;
The ones we loved so well.
And now, when springtime's earliest flowers
Deck the dear spring wood's hill,
It gives me back those merry hours,
That did our young hearts thrill.

Now, thirty years have flown away,
Since we parted from this home;
Our long, long ride by railway,
Was a journey drear and lone.
How oft my flight in dreams of light,
To my low cot home where now
My fragrant violets blue and white,
By the rippling spring do blow.

One snowy day we came away,

And little heeded too;

The stifled word with sorrow stirred,

And tears not a few.

Brothers two, and sister Jule,

We left in that dear nest;

Where ere on earth, we're doomed to roam,

We'll love thy hills the best.

Now, should I roam, my best-loved home,

Beneath thy skies so fair,

I'd find blue hills and trees alone,

My kindred are not there;

No friends remain to me the same,

As when we hand in hand,

Together played beneath the shade

Of the maples grand.

THEY TELL US GOD IS GOOD

The wild birds sing in lovely bowers,
That nestles in the wood,
And flowers spring forth with April showers,
They tell us God is good.

Bright angel band with music wave,
The falling tear exclude,
They whisper to us every day,
And tell us God is good.

Wild roses here, bright lillies fair,
Dance o'er the waters rude;
Spontaneous flourish everywhere,
They tell us God is good.

The bright winged bird, the blushing flower,
Nor there the soul delude,
All murmuring music everywhere,
Tell us that God is good.

SHADOWS ON THE SNOW

On hilltop and plain the shadows are tracing,
A network of veins the boughs interlacing;
On sumach and thorn the berries are flaming
Their beauty unshown through winter declaiming.
With cat-tails and ferns, brown branches are trailing,
And each way you turn, tho' the east wind is wailing.
For the painting of plagues, how pretty the showing,
With snow at their backs such beauty bestowing.

Thro' stately old oaks the wind is now grieving,
From mountain awoke and of dead leaves relieving.
They're like fat men with loose joints, some nodding,
some whirling,
As they stand on their points, then sail after curling
Arms and feet up so odd, now skip and now dally,
Some dancing the clogg, some rest in the valley;
Brown willows are bare by the river's blue rim,
A bird's nest hangs there, now the shadows are dim.

DROP OF DEW

Radiant spark of trembling light,
Little silver spray;
The spear of knot grass' shining bright
In gorgeous array.
As diamond bright it does entrance,
The various rays combine,
Garnet and topaz at a glance,
With violets do entwine.

Yes, there's the ruby's clearest hue,
And amethyst so gay,
And sapphires ever changing too,
The emerald; but stay,
It all in one bright rainbow seems,
And by the breezes tossed,
Like sudden gleams on life's dark stream,
Is quickly, strangely lost.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Indian summer's golden days,
Tho' the leaves are sere and brown.
The lonely heart now breathes thy praise,
Blue crested jays scream thy renown,
Oh! blest incensed reviving air;
Than balmy June's most perfumed flower,
That lines the walks thou art more fair,
Indian summer's golden hours.

Indian summer's golden hours,
How soft thy breeze o'er smoky hill,
Bears autumn leaves and wrecks of flowers,
Ere winter's breath comes cold and chill.
I love thy tints, thy sweet perfume,
Thy dimmest ray, thy loudest tone;
Thy voiceless morn, thy mellow moon,
Indian summer's golden day.

NOVEMBER.

I went to the maple woods to-day,
To say good-bye to the birds
Remaining of summer, to sing me a lay,
But the robin was all I heard.
I did think, though, I should see a lark,
Or hear his sad song;
But the days will be many and dark,
Ere he sings the way along.

How radiant the vines appear,
The golden rod bows so low—
It's next to the darkest month in the year,
And it's time for the flowers to go;
But these are sheltered from wind and rain,
And the sun's bright rays combine
To warm their hearts; they are arranged
With the leaves of columbine.

Brilliant green leaves with scalloped edge,
Still thrive on this late day;
They grow beside the wayside hedge,
To cheer the traveler's way.
But soon will come the storm's low hum,
Increasing every hour,
And when assuaged, his reckless rage,
There will be no flowers.

DEAR MOTHER IS GONE.

Dear mother is gone from this world of care,
She was borne away by the angels fair,
To a brighter home where it is ever day,
And there is no sorrow and no decay.
And though she hath left us with sorrowing heart,
Yet soon shall we meet her and never to part.

Dear mother is gone to that heaven of rest,
She was an angel friend of the oppressed!
Her fond loving heart is freed from all pain,
Her precepts will linger while life shall remain.
She will wait for our coming upon that bright shore,
Where joy and gladness shall reign evermore.

Dear mother is gone to that beautiful shore,
To join our dear kindred that's gone on before;
Her loving hands folded and dim are those eyes,
No more to awaken 'neath earth's troubled skies,
No more here to greet us through all life to come,
Farewell then, dear mother, 'till this life is done.

TO JULIA ELLEN EASTMAN.

'Tis thy spring time, loving child,
Fair and bright and sweetly mild!
But round thy path few flowers bloom,
To give their fragrance to the noon.

In early years those it kept as now,
That look of sageness on thy brow.
As beam those eyes with loves own light,
May life's long day be fraught as bright.

Be wise to seek and read the page
Of abject woe, thou canst assuage.
The kindest hearts more often wear,
A duller brow than smiles declare.

'Tis thy springtime, trusting child,
Hours so precious ne'er beguiled!
Remember, soon these hours will pass,
Full many a change come too, alas!

But dearest one, when springtime's past,
And life assumes a different cast,
May brighter scenes illume thy way,
And linger till thy latest day.

Still as you toil with earnest zeal,
Across thy path will shadows steal.
To dim bright hope, yet patient glean,
The brightest tints will come between.

LITTLE AVIE

Laughing Avie's nut-brown eyes,
Dancing, glancing, full of glee;
Outvie the stars that gem the skies,
Twinkle with more brilliancy.

Constrasting with her pure white brow,
On cheek and lip are roses.
Little birdies happy now,
This, her gay laugh discloses.

Sunny Avie's gold-brown hair,
In silken curls while walking,
Shake in clusters, rich and rare,
Nor hold they still in talking.

Darling baby, Father guide her,
In the pathway ever right,
Thro' life's shadows stay beside her,
Gently, softly, birdie's flight.

LITTLE CORA.

Deep within those bright black eyes,
Earnest, love and caution lies.
Dancing, dimpled baby fair,
With wealth of glossy auburn hair.

She has no doubts with us to share,
Like a bird without a care,
Flitting o'er the flower ground way,
Till the sunlight's latest ray.

Sweet, the sound of baby's song,
Flies the time so swift along,
Happy baby, darling Cora,
Brightly beam the way before her.

Life's bright morn will pass so soon,
And merging into highest noon,
Bring bright scenes and shadows too,
Some have many, some have few.

Father, may her life's long day,
Beam with brightly shining ray;
With wisdom's lore, and love endow,
Fondly cherished e'er as now.

TO E——.

Sweet and low the evening zephyrs,
Steal o'er fragrant flowers and lea,
Trembling leaflets softly murmuring,
Wafts me thoughts dear one of thee!

'Tis sunset, summer's sweetest hour,
The pine warbler's voice its sadness keeps,
And rings through forests, while the flowers
Droop their bright wings and willing sleep.

Within thy grove where sweet wild birds,
Hath cheered us on with sweetest tone,
Our vows of constancy they heard,
Still, ah! how sad we walk alone.

We dwell apart in scenes afar,
Nor do we write, tho' oft we sigh
For peaceful days no thought did mar.
That sunny land's beyond the sky

Methinks! where we were going to dwell,
And happy be free from all care;
But He, who doeth all things well,
Will give to each our rightful share.

FOUNTAIN LAKE

Halcyon Lake, oh, silent tide,
On thy placid bosom, cool and fair;
The morn has just peeped out and sighed,
While we merrily row in the summer air.

We reach eager hands for the dainty stem,
Of the sweet white flowers by the way;
But the pond lily, dearest gem,
Isn't here; there's the bog where black-birds
stay.

As we swiftly ride the shiners glide,
From under our boat with a saucy air;
O'er deep masses of golden moss we ride,
As we merrily row in the morning air.

Rose tinted morn with freshness borne,
Thro' nature's perfumed way.
Green mossy rocks in tangled copse,
The beautiful lake shines bright to-day.

We row and glide o'er the silv'ry tide,
And the clouds reflected down;
Glimmer and fade 'neath sun and shade,
The gull's voice lonely sounds.

Recalling scenes I would forget,

As down by the sea in the sweet moonlight;

'Twas in the old cot where we met,

And parted too, with care so light.

JUNE THOUGHTS.

'Tis the balmy month

Of rosy June,

The fragrant air the heart revives.

The lilac blooms

Are gone so soon,

And flowering plants begin to thrive.

Pink eyes laugh,

In the garden path,

Why could I not live with them a day?

To brighten the hours

Mid pretty flowers

And see the insects 'round them play.

To hear the din,

Of their tiny wings,

This radiant morn; the glistening dew

Spangles the leaves

Of springs trees,

The peonies just showing their tenderest hue.

The sparrows come,

The trees among,

Their chattering tales to tell.

Robin red breast,

Making a nest,

Blue and gold violets sprinkle the dell.

The golden lark,

Hath a magic art.

To entrance with his sad song.

Little brown wren

Is here again,

To plague all the swallow throng.

BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies, why follow me?
Pretty winged flowers,
O'er plain and lea
After the summer showers.

Tell me, tell me true,
Butterfly, pearly white,
How oft I and you
Have met since light.

Art thou precursor of joy?
Follow me then the while.
Thou dearest beautiful toy!
And all the sad day beguile.

While I sit me down to rest,
Beneath this shady tree,
I can but think with what zest,
Thou hast followed me.

Whatever object I do pursue,
Tho' far away it be,
My footsteps shall be true,
As yours all day to me.

Good-bye, then tiny ones,
Frail flowers blue and white;
Slow sinks the setting sun,
To leave the pale starlight.

MAY DAY REVERIES.

Buttercups and daisies,
Pretty wildwood flowers,
Look the Father's praises,
Thro' the spring's bright hours.

Adder tongues and bird flowers,
The lily and the pink,
Wake the first May hours,
In the meadow where they drink.

This dear May morn gives to me thoughts,
Of many Mays gone by;
And many joys the hours brought,
Ere this heart knew sorrow's sigh.

FATHER

Our dear father is gone, his sufferings are o'er,
His loved voice at home will be heard never more.
Such patient endurance through all the long years,
Gives blessed assurance, we see through our tears,

Of a bright home above, where, free from all pain,
He has joined our dear mother and kindred again.
Never more shall we meet 'neath the sun's glad light,
For his spirit from earth has taken its flight.

To that loved home above, where brighter shall beam
Its glittering beauties than picture or dream;
There lives his glad spirit where no sorrows throng,
Where kindred souls met him with welcoming song.

SUNSHINE

Sunshine for me, oh! glad and free,
When the snow-drifts are covered with stars.
It makes the world bright,
It makes my heart light,
And never my peace of mind mars.

I want the blinds open,
For 'tis the glad token,
Emblematic of wisdom and love!
It is to my heart,
Life's greater part,
Why should we hide then, it's sent from above.

It drives away care,
And makes light as air,
Life's dark obligation to me:
Showers of silver,
O'er the blue river,
Embroidery, most exquisite, see?

THE THREE WISHES

I've a story to tell you as the wild winds rush,
Concerning a very large kettle of mush;
'Twas told unto me by an old gray-haired man,
And I'll relate it to you as exact as I can:

There was an old couple far advanced in years,
Were sharing each others joys, comforts and fears;
All alone, by themselves, in an old-fashioned hut,
And of all fun and ridicule they seemed the butt.

They were poor, please remember, and couldn't wear silk,
And their average diet was corn mush and milk,
And the mush was quite scarce, for I told you before,
That poverty always stood close to their door.

As it happened, there came to them one sunny day,
A beautiful fairy in gorgeous array,
Who told them, three wishes to them she would grant,
Which caused the old couple to merrily chant.

Well, for what shall we wish, said the happy old dame,
You mention the first one, then my wish I'll name.
To which he replied in the best of good nature,
Let us wish for plenty of mush in the future.

The words had not hardly escaped from his lips,
When the fairy made movements with her finger tips,
And in musical tones they couldn't understand,
Uttered words which to them seemed a pleasant command.

When lo! the door opened, and straight to the stove,
Went a kettle of mush; the old man said by Jove!
But the old dame in anger, her rage did disclose,
By wishing the mush kettle hung to his nose.

The fairy once more raised her beautiful hand,
And waved high above her the magical wand,
And there, to their horror, the great kettle rose,
And hung itself fast to the end of his nose.

Now, this silly old couple were much horrified,
And stood with their eyes and their mouths opened wide;
Each one had forgotten the one promise left,
Surely you would have thought them of reason bereft.

Oh now, my old woman, said he, rather blue,
See what awful trouble you've got me into!
I see, replied she, with a sob and a cough,
I heartily wish that the kettle was off!

Once more the bright fairy with words of command,
Waved above her the beautiful magical wand,
When lo! the great kettle fell down to the floor,
Thus making the old couple happy once more.

Then she bade them good-bye and went off with a rush,
While they looked at each other and then at the mush,
And the lesson they learned on that bright sunny day,
They will always remember, I'll venture to say.

PICTURED BEACHES.

We went riding thro' the wood,
Where none but passers e'er intrude;
Such beauty in the beachen shade,
Pictures on the bark is laid.
Forest, river, ocean's foam,
Lofty hills and rising moon,
Shed refulgence, far and near,
Cathedral, spire, and dome are here.

'Round castled walls are velvet lawns,
Winding rivers, deer and fawns,
They stand immured from sight,
On this lovely winter night.
Nature's pictures of the wood,
Rugged hills in solitude,
Statues of the olden time,
With the trees and flowers combine.

Hills were there that seemed all stone,

O'erspread with moss, with radiance shone.

A blue elysian haze, girt round,

There's finest flowers drooping down,

And frescoed paintings all ablaze;

And walks of many winding ways,

To reach the towns that seemed to be

Built far into the jasper sea.

There's silver lakes and summer skies,

And huge faces looking wise,

Where plaques of scenery 'lluminate,

And lovers talking at the gate,

Were strictly of the German type,

The sire, with a lengthy pipe,

At a lattice does recline,

O'er which the climbing roses twine.

OCTOBER.

I love to sit at dawn of day,
And hear the rustle of the leaves ;
Their fragrance soon will pass away,
And colors sweet, drop from the trees.

How clear, this bright October morn,
The fragrant alsike springing green,
And vine wreathed fields of golden corn,
The sun now gilds with golden sheen.

The pale green willows graceful bow,
Along the meadows, russet brown ;
When scarlet ivy on the bough,
Shines brilliantly will soon be gone.

Bright tinted sky and mountains bland,
The lofty beach in rocky grove ;
Grouping of leaves like hilltops grand,
Such scenes of all the most I love.

Shadows long o'er the stubble field,
Creep slowly o'er the mossy mounds,
Where sober sheep the sweetness feed,
Their tinkling bells with music sound.

The far-off tops of hills so blue,
And nearer trees, a golden line,
Just paints a halo 'round the scene,
And makes a picture sublime.

And yet we know, so soon will go,
The brightest leaf, the tinted hues;
Where blooms the flower, the drifted snow,
For us will make the dreary views.

FAREWELL TO SEPTEMBER.

I breathe a sad farewell,
As I gaze on woody dell,
Fanned by the lovliest breeze, September;
And on our parting yet,
Will think with regret,
And all thy beauty I shall e'er remember.

I breathe a sad farewell,

My sorrow ne'er can tell,

As I pen these lines to thee, September;

And the shady old oak trees,

Fanned too, by thy mild breeze,

Will miss thee when thou art gone, September.

I breathe a sad farewell,

By this shady nook to dwell,

Till thou visit me again, September:

I'll gaze in fond delight,

On thy beauties now in sight,

As o'er the fields I roam, September.

The forest every shade

Of red thy hand has made,

No other month is half so bright, September:

So now I'll say farewell,

Nor longer with thee dwell,

But I'll wait for thee at Badger, September.

I AM THIRTY-ONE TO-DAY.

I watch and wait as the hours go,
For the sweetest boon that heaven can give
Or mortals can ever know.
The dearest gem, I would ask to live,
And learn to watch and pray,
And feel my Father ever near,
To guide me day by day,
And know that He will e'er forgive,
My actions, selfish and blind;
I would live, and love, and stay,
With those that's true and kind—
I am thirty-one to-day.

I do not weep for those years that's gone,
Nor for those that will not stay;
Soon, ah! soon I'll go to my home,
I think of it day by day.
I think of the hours I used to deem,

On the distant eastern shore;
Beautiful things I saw in my dream,
In the elysian days of yore.
I was happy in my childhood's days,
When we roamed thro' forests wild;
To pluck wild flowers and sing those lays—
I am thirty-one to-day.

Constancy, thro' all the lonely years
Of my life has been my theme;
Oh! could I have lived without the tears,
This existence is but a sad dream.
A dream—how lonely it sounds!
As my anguished face portends;
There's a far-off land where all resounds,
With love and happiness blends;
How often I wonder what is to be
On the shore far away,
I dwell on the pain this giveth me—
I am thirty-one to-day.

CLEORA.

Floweret sweet,
My darling fair,
With rounded cheek,
And sunny hair;
Rose bud mouth,
And mild blue eye,
Color of the azure sky.

You speak to her,
And quick her eyes
Raise to yours
In glad surprise:
While her dimpled
Fingers close.
Now she trembles,
How she crows.

The violets sweet,

Will come and go,

And the earth,

Be white with snow;

Ere the patter

Of her feet,

Will mingle with

Her accents sweet.

Then will sister

Gently lead her,

Thro' the garden

To the meadow.

Baby darling!

Precious pearl!

What two happy

Little girls.

Here they stand,

And with delight,

Give wee hands

For daisies bright.

Herd's grass, clover,

Tall and wide,

Bending over,

Babies hide.

Look, they come

Thro' singing wheat;

Tired the one

With faltering feet.

Down she falls

With earnest touch;

While Cora calls,

Did it hurt you much?

Her face now shows,

No trace of tears,

'Cept round her nose,

A streak appears,

Mamma who sees

Them near the door,

Did quickly flee

An hour before.

She called, and ran,

But all in vain;

Her face then wore,

A look of pain:

'Tis thus in life,

Tho' wide awake,

For pelf the strife

The wrong ways take.

LONG AGO.

I am listening now to the gentle rain,
Thinking of long ago.
When we roamed through hay-fields in Maine,
To see the workmen mow.
They raked the windrows, long and straight,
Where brother Dan and I
Played hide and seek at night so late,
With the cunning fire-fly.

We used to watch the swallows come home,
And plague them as they'd pass;
And dive at us before they'd flown,
To gather worms and grass.
Then did the gladsome sunset glow,
Creep on the old porch floor;
And little sparrows flit to and fro—
I can hear them now as yore.

Those scenes vanished quietly one by one,
Yet memory ever dwells,
When brightest scenes in life hath flown,
Too soon, this heart doth tell.

POND LILLIES

The purest white lillies afloat on the pond,
When zephyrs breathe softly and low;
Gold-hearted beauties with wide leaves in bond,
Reflect in the beauteous glow,
Of the sweet peaceful waters, cerulean blue,
That caress them with shimmering tide,
And give downy willows their tenderest hue,
And the violets, they are striving to hide,
They are bending their perfumed censers sweet,
Beautiful lillies in mirrored skies!
With emerald, the hills and the valleys complete,
As the silvery tints from the cloudlet dies.

FALLING LEAVES

Falling leaves
Much do please,
Cardinal, orange, cappah brown;
Velvet purple,
Gold and pink,
How they shower their beauty down.

Rosy yellow,
Green and drab,
Richest autumn wreaths, I think,
Of the choosing,
May be had,
By the sparkling river's brink.

Falling leaves,
Often weaves,
Maroon and crimson tender hues;
Chining emerald,
Even cleaves,
To the bough o'erlade with dew.

Falling leaves

In the breeze,

Proclaim the bleak wild winds:

And the icicles

On the eaves,

And the dark December dim.

Falling leaves,

Lofty trees,

Winding stream thro' shine and shade;

Eddying, purling,

Plashing, whirling,

Here and there a small cascaed.

While the trees,

Drop their leaves,

And fling their sprays of velvet down;

Softly ride,

With the tide,

Golden green and brown.

From green to brown,

So soon they change,

Strewn o'er the earth in many shades:

Tender, loving,

Cold and strange,

All soon to fall and fade.

MAY DAY.

The first of May,

Was a lovely day,

The birds they sang,

Their same sweet lay,

As they did before,

In the days of yore.

When we girls and boys,

Without alloy,

All teaming with joy,

Went Maying that day

To have a long stay,
By the old side hill,
Our baskets to fill,
With the sparkling flowers,
That grow in the bowers,
That nature has made,
In the perfumed shade,
'Neath the maple trees,
That wave in the breeze.
How free from all care,
Were we that there,
Weave flowers and leaves,
Dear mates to please,
Then would we repair,
To the greenwood fair;
To pledge while there,
To forget, no never,
How soon we'd sever,
No more to roam,

In our childhood's home,
Bright May day hours,
With their pretty flowers,
We plucked with pleasure,
To deem at leisure,
When far away,
Some lonely day,
The first of May.

WE SHALL LIVE BEYOND THE RIVER.

When the day is new with hope,
And the sun's rays on the hill,
Kiss the flowers their eyes to ope,
By the bank of rippling rill,
Like the murmur of the bee,
Now advancing, now receding,
Comes a far-off voice to me.
Voice of mortals far exceeding,
Don't deny it to me ever,
We shall live beyond the river.

With summer flowers the earth is glad,
Woodland, nook and plain.
Why should this wayward heart be sad,
When birds sing wild refrain;
With hearts that's free, they toil and sing,
In sunshine, glade or rain.
The spring's cold breeze or palest beam,
Their wild sweet notes detain;
Don't deny it to me ever,
We shall live beyond the river.

In the early hour of even,
When all nature sinks to rest,
And the pale stars in the heavens,
And the faint rose tints the west;
All my past life, shade and sunshine,
Fills at once my lonely heart,

Tells me with low cadence sometimes,

We shall live and never part,

Mid the flowers we'll live forever,

We shall live beyond the river.

SISTER COME AND SIT WITH ME

Sister come and sit with me!

In thy wild, extactic glee,

For the sunshine makes me glad,

Yesterday e'en the snow looked sad,

Piled along the fence a row.

Oh! the crystals glisten so.

And to-day it gives me joy,

For I can sing without alloy,

In the sunshine let me be;

Sister come and sit with me.

Sister come and sit with me,

As of yore, from care free;

Never mind your fuss and pother,

Only do not leave dear mother,

Anything that's hard to do,

As you'd have others, so do you!

Then write to me without delay,

And tell to me the hour and day,

We'll meet you, can you be

This day week to sit with me?

THE BIRTHDAY CHAT.

Pretty Kate Witherel started one day,

With her golden-haired sister Sue,

For the house of a neighbor a few hours to stay,

And visit with Mary and Lew.

They were gay and light-hearted, these maidens four,
As the sweet flowers laden with dew!
They had known one another ten years and more,
And they seemed like sisters true.

Now, this was the birthday of May and Lew,
To-day they were sweet sixteen;
And they had invited these dear friends, two,
To dine with them on the green.

So in high spirits they started out,
And as the day was fair,
They joined their friends, then rode about,
Enjoying the summer air.

They stopped by the wayside to gather flowers,
Then sat down by the stream,
That wound its way through the woody bowers,
With many a pretty gleam.

And wove a bright wreath of flowers, choice;
And with many a thoughtless word
They talked of the future, while patient Royce,
Their plans for the future heard.

"Come girls, let us talk of the future awhile!"
Said dear little brown-eyed Sue.
"And Kate, you're the oldest," she said with a smile,
"Pray, what are you going to do?

"I shall marry a farmer," said bonny Kate,
"Give me the country, fair!
For style and city life I hate—
I love the sweet country air.

"Yes, the life of a farmer is best of all,
The most independent and free:
So I'll marry a farmer, so handsome and tall,
And I, his delight shall be.

" If there is a profession that I detest,
'Tis a doctor with ways so wise.
I never would marry one of the set,
For all of them I despise."

Then May opened wide her eyes so blue,
" Why, Katie, how can you say that?
A perfect gentleman, kind and true,
Is our jolly old Doctor Pratt.

" To me he seems next to my father, dear,
And if ever I marry at all,
I'll marry a doctor and never fear
I'll have the best man of all.

" But I'd not have a lawyer, whose foppish ways
Seem more hateful than all to me,
They'er dishonor itself, and one of these days,
The truth of my words you will see."

"Now, Lulu," said Kate, "let us hear what you think
Of your life in the future, to-day;
Your husband, of course, must be some grand king,
Attired in the finest array."

"Oh, no! I care not what his calling may be;
If he is a gentleman, true!
He must be young and handsome, and love only me,
And must have lots of money too."

"As you have all told what your choice shall be,
My opinion, says Sue, I will tell:
To be an old maid independent and free,
Is what I call enjoying life well."

Their chat now was ended, their work was complete,
And the twin sisters, Lulu and May,
Each wore a bright wreath of forget-me-nots sweet,
In honor of this their birthday.

Now Royce brought the horses and all in great haste,
Started out for their home in high glee;
Complaining of hunger, no time did they waste,
And their welcome was pleasant to see.

On the lawn was the table prepared with great care;
(For the mother had planned a surprise,)
And now it was covered with luxuries rare,
And before their wondering eyes

Was a crowd of young people who ran them to greet,
Each chiding them for their delay;
Two hours we've waited for you to complete
The honors of this, your birthday.

Soon the dinner was eaten, much said in its praise,
And the party dispersed in good time,
It surely had been one of life's happy days,
Well worthy my mention in rhyme.

* * * * * * *

It is five years ago, all remember it well,
How swiftly the years have gone by!
Now they all have a tale of experience to tell,
Some call for a tear and a sigh.

Here again are the friends of May and Lew,
To witness their marriage as th' wedding bells ring,
No prettier brides could be found than these two,
Each resembling the beauties of spring.

And now, my dear reader, do you recollect
The chat by the brookside that day?
If you do, you surely can never expect
Them to walk in the prophesyed way.

Ah, no! I can see by the glance of your eye,
That you know young girls better than that.
There is something on which you can never rely,
In a girl's confidential chat.

Let us stop a few minutes and take just one peep,
At the merry ones gathering there;
To them the long hill of life don't seem steep,
But quite easy to climb, I declare.

Now all are in order for the rites to proceed,
Let us note every one where they stand:
To describe them to you I am sure there's no need,
For all words of praise would command.

The first one we notice is Mamie so sweet,
In her fine satin robes of pure white;
She looks like a queen from her head to her feet,
Not a lovlier one there to-night.

And who is the gentleman there by her side?
Oh, I see; it is young Lawyer Gray!
A more beautiful one he could not call his bride,
But where is your doctor, Miss May?

And there is Miss Lulu, whose white bridal wreath,
Well becomes the young lady so fair;
By her side stands the noble young Philander Heath.
Much respected and a millionaire.

There is a lady, now pray, who is she?
See their card, Dr. Alton and wife.
I am sure that I've seen her; ah, yes, now I see!
'Tis our bonny Kate's face full of glee.

In all of her stylish array I declare,
I scarcely would recognize her.
Her face matches well with her jewels so rare,
Now to five years ago we'll refer:

She would marry a farmer so handsome and tall,
Never live in the city, would she.
But she married a doctor, both homely and small,
And lives in the city of C.

And here's a fair bride's-maid, the sweet little Sue,
She really looks childish and small;
With her long golden curls and her eyes of pure blue,
We prefer her to Katie so tall.

And now, little Susie, do you still believe
That to be an old maid is your choice?
Ah! you need not deny it, you cannot deceive,
Your eyes answer plainer than voice.

Yes, when Christmas shall come it shall find her a bride,
And her lover, young handsome Burt Lee,
Will consider himself very well satisfied,
And he could not well otherwise be.

MARCH.

Old March is here with us again,
And all are shivering; even the men
Complain of the wind so sharp and chill;
As it comes to greet us from yonder hill.

But the sun shines bright and the sky is clear,
And as March must visit us once a year,
We gladly welcome it, for we know
That it helps to lessen the drifts of snow.
There are patches now of bare ground to be seen,
And now and then bunches of grass that are green,
And we earnestly listen each sunny morn,
For the noisy crow which we hear at dawn.
Yes, winter is passing with smiles so arch,
And now we have windy and chilly March.
But despite the winds that are loud and drear,
The beauties of spring now begin to appear;
And soon we'll enjoy the season gay,
With its beautiful flowery month of May:
So blow old March, while your powers last,
Soon April and May will your glory blast.

OH WHAT IS THE USE OF REPINING.

Oh what is the use of repining,
For what we know never can be:
It only sets old age to twining,
Itself prematurely 'round thee.
It only makes sadness where brightness
Might just as well sit on the throne;
If we'd only meet care with a lightness
Of heart, in the place of a moan.

Some say, I presume, that this fair day,
Will end with a dark afternoon;
And, of course, you can see that in this way
They are looking for trouble too soon.
Better wait till the clouds are appearing,
There's time enough then to look sad,
Keep a lookout, and when it is clearing,
You are then first of all to seem glad.

Then again, there are some that will tell you,
When you ask in regard to their health;
Oh, I thank you, I am feeling quite well, but
I fear it won't last, for as wealth
Slips thro' the hands of the careless,
And some from an eminence fall.
It is thus that good health with a rareness,
Visits me in my grand palace hall.

Now I ask you in all that is worthy,
Of an upright and honest reply:
Why not wait till the changes come o'er thee,
Before you sit down with a sigh?
Here's a very good rule if you heed it:
Never borrow a trouble, but wait
Till it comes, 'twill be here ere you need it,
Don't meet it half-way to the gate.

I think that the wisest of mortals,
Are those who are not apt to fret,
Taking things as they come without stopping
To think of the past and regret.
If our past has been nothing but sorrow,
'Tis no sign that our future will be,
For perhaps ere the sun rise to-morrow,
Our hearts will from care be set free.

AUTUMN'S CHANGES

One by one the leaves have fallen,
From their homes among the trees,
Leaving only naked branches,
Trembling sadly in the breeze.
It seems but a few short weeks since
All the woods were bright and gay,
Filled with many feathered warblers,
Singing praises day by day.

First came frosts, and then the colors
Of the leaves grew strangely bright;
And the woods were fairly lovely,
Charming all, as well they might.
Now, alas! what changes followed,
During that short interval?
Birds have flown, and leaves have fallen,
Making all seem strangely dull.

And now, we, in silence ponder,
On the changes of the year.
Is it strange that we should wonder
What to us will next appear?
But let come what will, we only
Know that we must bear our part;
So we'll say good-bye to autumn,
With a sad and lonely heart.

AUTUMN REVERIES

I am sitting by the window,
Looking out this pleasant day,
At the brightly covered branches,
On the trees across the way.
Branches that are thickly covered
With bright leaves of many hues;
As now in the morning sunshine,
They are sparkling with the dews.

Long ago the spring-time left us,
Summer too has passed away;
Now we have the lovely autumn,
Robed in colors rich and gay.
After all, we know its beauties
Only precedes winter's chill;
And we oft neglect our duties,
Thinking of the coming ill.

Yes, next comes the storms of winter,

And we dread them, well we may;

Then we'll sit and sadly wonder,

At the changes o'er the way.

Lovely spring-time, flower laden,

We, to children can compare,

With their hearts so free from trouble,

Unacquainted yet with care.

But too soon the spring-time passes,

And the summer glides along;

Then the little cares and troubles,

Take the time spring gave to song.

And as autumn sad advances,

Little cares to great ones grow.

O'er our future's brightest glances,

Creep the lengthening shadows slow.

But as old age creeps upon us,
'Tis the winter of our lives;
We can look around and wonder
That so many still survive;
How they all have stood the tempest,
That so sadly shattered some,
And are now with patience waiting,
For the call that bids them come.

But as time so slowly passes,
Touching all with fearless hand;
Help us Lord, to gain an entrance,
To that holy, happy land.
And whatever be our troubles,
In this world so full of pain,
Help us to bear all with patience.
That we may thy blessings gain.

DECEMBER SNOW.

Slowly the snow is falling,
From the grayish clouds above,
Covering up for the winter,
The flowers that we love;
The wind blows hard, and the falling snow,
Is drifting right where the lillies grow,
And the pansies that we love.

Slowly the snow is falling,
From the cold December sky,
As we sit by the fire and ponder,
On the chilly by and by.
But the winter evenings, tho' cold and chill,
Bring company merry, the house to fill,
And on pleasure we can rely.

Slowly the snow is falling,

But the clouds are breaking away ;

Already we see in the western sky,

The signs of a dying day.

For the storm clouds fly and the sunset rare,

Furnishes beauty beyond compare,

And we welcome the close of day.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

I love that bird in eastern grove,

That sings with never ceasing love,

Near Cairo's native sycamore ;

Its rapturous notes do all adore.

Oh netter, who station thee along,

To steal the darling in full song,

Do cease thy wicked plot to take,

Nor steal from her her life-long mate.

For see, the dear little mother bird,

At home with her young, don't hear a word,

And leaning her sweetest head and neck,

With her anxious eyes turned from her nest.

There dies in expectant attitude,

Pines and perishes with all her brood.

When the grass is dewy, and the leaves are green,

And the soft breath of morn steals o'er the scene.

Father bird entices his tender young

With injunctions to list ere the day has begun;

Goes a little way off to teach his song,

Then he begins with a tender lay.

Pauses to watch the result of instructions away,

Thus day by day reiterating his lesson,

Till his pupil is equal to any position;

And he had much rather that men wouldn't listen.

When silence most absolute broods o'er the earth,
In the deepest wildwood his soul pours forth ;
Takes his love to the forest and there, undisturbed,
He enchants her with music, the dear timid bird !

A lay not protracted, rich and defiant,
In one burst of melody now in reliance,
Pauses, the notes in reply a quivering song,
From afar in the valley now sweeping along.

Like a torrent, high, low, linked, broken and free,
Now sinks till it sounds like the hum of a bee ;
He now stops abruptly awaiting to hear
The answer, which comes not, is defeated, I fear.

Hark ! another step forward, sure the prince of his race
Gives a new specimen of poetry with grace.
He takes up his parable apparent at leizure,
Beginning so lightly a preface with pleasure.

After which he plunges into his epic so long,
Displays all the art e'er presented by song.

THE POET.

You see, when I was a little child,
Attending the district school,
I had learned from the voice of my mother mild,
For it was the school maam's rule—

A number of pieces of poetry;
And as that I could do with ease,
Supposed, of course, the art was in me,
To compose it, if I should please.

So I took my paper, pen and ink,
Determined I would try;
And I sat me down and tried to think,
But the truth I cannot deny.

I turned to the east, and then to the west,
From there to the north and south.
I thought of the one that I loved the best,
And sat with wide opened mouth.

To think of a subject to write about,

And words that would nicely rhyme,

Was a good deal harder than I had thought

It to be; and such a time

As I had, ere I found to my chagrin,

That composing was not my art.

Why, 'twas easier, far, to sew with a pin,

Than to play a poet's part.

TO THE FARMER BOY.

If you pursue with heart that's true,

Your daily avocation,

To plant and sow, to reap and mow,

And have a calculation,

And stir with a will the ground you till,

'Twill meet your approbation.

There's earnest toil in tilling the soil,
No fiends allure;
You'll ne'er be free from honest glee,
Or blessings sure.
Then live with care and do not share,
With thought impure.

Then when a man, with big brown hand,
You work and sing;
Aspire to free, with true charity,
The poor from sin.
Don't close your door nor e'er deplore,
But ask them in.

The world is cold, for young or old,
In adverse fate;
But do not mind those that's unkind,
They'll soon berate;
And ere you descry, the worthy's cry;
Don't stand too late.

For those with pelf, live oft for self,

Nor deem it wise.

To free from want, but sneer and taunt,

With dim eyes.

There'll be no need, nor miser greed,

Beyond the skies.

If e'er in life you take a wife,

To share your 'state;

Don't put her down with surly frown,

And work her late;

Don't fill your board with greedy hoard,

Her service underate.

If you have men, just tell her when

To look for them.

It does perplex, and often vex,

To set the table again.

The pies and cakes, the chairs and plates,

All to rearrange.

Don't bring them in for shining tin,

Without telling her.

Then surely say, 'twill take all day,

If she does defer.

Dear boy, forbear for hers the care,

We steadily aver.

'Tis good to win, from toil and din,

A grand estate.

THE SEASONS.

JANUARY.

Pale shines the sun o'er drifts of snow,

That sparkle bright.

The cold winter to us hath many a charm,

With its starry nights.

And the glowing fireside warm,

While moonbeams fall ;

We will mirth with labor blend,

'Tho wild winds call.

FEBRUARY.

There's little change, 'tho wind and rain
Makes lucid snow ;
And drifts are frozen, a path now chosen,
Instead of highways low.
Gives thoughts of earth awaking,
And springtime lade,
With beauteous flowers and song birds,
That fill the glade.

MARCH.

And here is stormy March at last,
Lingers still the stifling blast;
While the showers come and go,
And leaves the water with the snow.
But flowers, sweet, so soon will come,
And peep their eyes out one by one;
Loving dreamers sleeping now,
On the old hill's lofty brow.

APRIL.

Under the birch the violets peep,
Blue and white;
And purple and gold the lillies sleep,
'Neath winter's blight.
Blue birds and robins have come to cheer,
Hear them, hark!
And the sad-toned voice so sweet and clear,
Of the golden lark.

MAY.

Beneath the maple's budding shade,
Is pink mayflowers.
Their fragrance sweet fills all the glade,
Gladness is ours.
The summer birds with impulse high,
Sing loud refrains:
Oh, merry month, with wakeful eye,
Welcome again!

JUNE.

Month of rare and sweet perfume,
That charity bestows;
Humming birds with brightest plume,
Flit where flowers grow.
Oh, heart of mine, do not repine!
Glad summer is here,
And flowers the tree with buds incline,
And song birds cheer.

JULY.

The cereals nodding low half filled,
Not incentive sure,
The locusts cry, and the rivulet's dry,
The threatening clouds pass o'er.
The willows fade, round meadows fair,
The birds are still;
Yet oft in flocks to the river repair,
To drink at will.

AUGUST.

Now the August days are sweet,
All nature stirred;
For the rain did fall in silver sheets,
And cheered the birds;
And bright are the eyes of the flowers,
But it looks like fall.
They fall and fade, nor fragrant stayed—
The crickets call.

SEPTEMBER.

The autumn's lovliest breezes fan
The hill and plain;
And take away the verdure green,
Till spring again.
At early morn the perfumed air,
Tells of dying leaves;
And flowers, the gems most fair,
But faintly breathe.

OCTOBER.

All the foliage has lost its crimson,
And dewy ripeness;
And the clouds are gazing sadly,
To their likeness;
In the wayward winding stream,
Glossy leaf,
And dewy flowers fall beneath
Time's wing.

NOVEMBER.

Now the wild flowers sweet, have gone to sleep
Beneath the hill,
By the side of the little streamlet,
And all is still.
For all the birds that here have been,
Sing thro' the hours,
The pleasant hours, in brighter scenes,
Amid the flowers.

Come, gather 'round the fireside,
This blustering eve;
And while the snow falls deep and wide,
Lets mem'ries weave!
For who can tell what magic spell
Holds us entranced?
As we gaze into the firelight's glow,
To see the bright coals dance.

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